The COMMONWEAL

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Thar She Blows!

WE REGRET that the *Christian Century is* so consistently unfriendly. Especially since in many departments of the magazine we find much with which to sympathize, and a consistently high-minded attitude on social and economic questions. But as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, Mr. Charles Clayton Morrison has somewhat the aspect of a man in the crow's nest of a whaler. Whenever he sees the spout of the great Right Whale, he gives the signal for attack.

The most recent of these lookout cries relates to the statement on the war and some of our numerous internal problems issued in Washington by the American bishops and archbishops. In so far as the American hierarchy discusses its views on American home issues, the *Christian Century* is happy, if a little patronizing. "These themes are developed in the same spirit of genuine Christian feeling which has characterized all Protestant pronouncements." But that is as far as its monitory editorial will go. The burden of its song is something else again. It divides into two main lines. (A) The American bishops have declared their loyalty to the United States and have endorsed patriotism in order to improve the political position of the Church in this country. "The dominant purpose of the manifesto is to demonstrate the *patriotism* of the Roman Catholic Church—in the terms in which the state itself conceives patriotism." (B) The Vatican is neutral in the war, for it does not wish to jeopardize its future and dares not speak until it knows which side is going to win. Hence there is an antithesis between the American prelates and the Holy See "susceptible of capitalization as a part of the church's strategy on the principle of heads I win, tails you lose."

Once again the *Christian Century* is touching upon what all honest men must admit to be a troublesome business — the relation between Church and State. This relation is obviously twice as difficult for an international church, with communicants scattered all over the world, as it is for a church largely concentrated within one nation. It is especially acute for any church in time of war. Is that old question worth asking again: what would you like the Holy See to do when a vast conflict arises between Christian states? Germany has millions of Catholics; Italy has millions of Catholics; Canada and the United States have millions of Catholics. Can any reasonable person expect the Vatican to come out flat-footed either for the Axis or for the United Nations, thereby jeopardizing the faith and salvation of millions of Christians on the other side? This is putting the problem as boldly and simply as it can be put. The Pope is not waiting to see which way the cat will jump—though, like every other human being, Christ's Vicar would be less than a man if he were not deeply concerned at the outcome. If there is one safe prophecy, it is that no matter how the cat jumps, no unilateral condemnation or approval will be forthcoming from Saint Peter's. We have seen each of the doctrines which have contributed to the world's bad plight condemned by Rome—economic liberalism, excessive nationalism, injustice toward the common man, nazi and fascist statolatry, lack of religious faith and abuse of liberty. To expect anything more would be to expect the Pope himself to sin against justice and prudence.

As the *Christian Century* points out, it is scarcely unusual for the bishops of a nation at war to endorse that nation's position. What is just plain snide is to describe this phenomenon as follows: "There is nothing new in this, for the Catholic Church has generally yielded its 'catholicity' to the claims of nationalism in countries which were at war with one another." Theologically the word *catholicity* applies to precisely one field and province of human life—the province of theological and moral truth. Since the days of Saint Paul, the Church has called upon citizens to obey their secular governors, even sometimes when those governors were flagrantly unworthy of obedience. That is the universal, *catholic* position. If the American bishops had not done what they did do, they could with some reason be accused of a lack of "catholicity" rather than its betrayal. And to insinuate that this is done *merely* to create a favorable bargaining position with the State is not only to impugn motives, but to show deep ignorance of the historical situation which excessive nationalism has forced upon all kinds of Christians.

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Certainly the bishops wished to demonstrate American Catholic patriotism. Does the *Christian Century* forget that one of the recurrent charges brought against Catholics is their unreliable loyalty to the United States? People who have had that thrown in their faces by Protestants for the best part of three generations are indeed likely to lean over backward a little in their eagerness to establish the proposition as false. But to suggest that the whole thing is deliberately a political move, intended to secure certain improper governmental privileges or actions in return, is certainly not to approach a very knotty question in the fulness of the Christian spirit.

And one implication we cannot tolerate. "So long as this uncertainty and apprehension exist concerning the side upon which its own ultimate interest lies, the Papacy maintains its neutrality and exhorts the faithful to pray for peace." Need we draw it to the attention of Mr. Morrison and his collaborators that all Christians are exhorted to pray for peace at all times, but especially in time of war, and by all priests, bishops, archbishops, and anyone else whose proper function is to exhort? Praying for peace, longing for peace is not a mere weapon of political policy.

College Outlook

WHEN at the meeting of the Middle States Association President Edmund E. Day of Cornell University declared that "liberal education is substantially out for the duration," he was expressing a feeling that is growing as the 18-19 year draft regulations swing into action. Fortunately many of his fellow-educators do not agree. Among the dissidents Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard, George N. Shuster of Hunter, George D. Hadzits of the University of Pennsylvania and Dixon Ryan Fox of Union College are currently quoted in rebuttal.

In wartime more than at any other the nation needs men and women who have been trained to think as only the classic disciplines can train them. If public opinion is to support America's assumption of her world responsibilities, as opposed to the national tendency to return to isolation once the military job is done, there must be a sizable leaven of young men and young women who grasp the abiding values of western culture and the sense of proportion which they embody. Some observers believe that England made so many mistakes in the 30's because her best young men were killed in the last war. That generation produced no real leaders for the current crisis. Before this war is over the United States, too, stands to lose many of its most able and patriotic young men—including the type that are always first to volunteer when they believe the nation is in danger. We cannot, then, neglect the formation of any of our potential leaders for the difficult years of the exhausted post-war world. No matter how many technical courses are introduced in our colleges and universities given over to military, naval or industrial training, a solid core of the traditional liberal arts course must remain. A nation of "doers" or of "ignorant technical specialists" will be unequal to our rôle in the post-war world.

Administrators of small colleges are gravely worried by the immediate prospects. Maury Maverick, now of the WPB, has just intimated that some 500 to 600 colleges and normal schools may not reopen next fall. Meanwhile it has been announced that within a few days the Army and Navy will name a number of colleges and universities with the necessary facilities, which have agreed to serve as training centers for the duration. It is doubtful whether many of the smaller colleges will be included.

The best of our smaller colleges provide the type of education most suitable for certain temperaments, who can later serve the community with exemplary efficiency. It has taken generations to build up endowments, plant, traditions of scholarship. Such institutions, with the distinct and individual contribution they have to make, must be preserved at all hazards. It is in the national interest to make sure that they be not forced to suspend operations. We cannot gamble on the assumption that this conflict will be short-lived and that these most useful of American institutions can be revived to serve again.

What can then be done to preserve these essential institutions? The first thing would be to allow college students to remain in college as long as possible. *America* reports that after three years of war, male university students in hard-pressed Britain have only dropped off one-third. Then the possibilities of the SATC program of the last war should be looked into. A suggestion has been made that high schools be curtailed to three years and the 17-year-olds who would normally be high school seniors would become college freshmen and thus have a real taste of college before they go off to the war. This would be right in line with the increasing agitation for speeding up the school curriculum. Among our greatest national assets few are more important than our educational facilities. It would be short-sighted indeed to fritter much of them away in the vain assumption that all that is needed to assure a passably decent post-war world is military victory.

Toulon

HERE in New York it was in the evening that we heard what had taken place at Toulon and already in the evening there were the newspapers and the photographs of the ships and there was nothing in our minds which could separate us from the French in their grief and in their pride. There

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is the war and nothing that stands in the way of our winning it can be spared. We will march through French colonies, through France itself, and anything in the path of our determination must join with us in our advance or be thrust aside. That, of course, is true. But that was not in our minds when we heard the news from Toulon. For we were certain that the French Fleet would never serve Germany against us, certain that no French officers or sailors would ever serve the cause of despair against the cause of hope. We entered North Africa because that is the road which leads us to our enemies. And because the war to liberate the conquered countries from Germany seems to us inconceivable unless the peoples of those countries desire their liberation, we stood expectant on the shores of Africa and awaited some sign that the French people in Africa and the French people in France gave their consent to our purpose, joined with us in a common determination. The French in Africa were not the suffering people of France. They were colonials, military people and administrators. Bound together in a colonial hierarchy of interests and loyalties, they could provide no popular plebiscite. The agreement we could secure from them could only be the agreement of officials. This agreement was essential to obtain and we obtained it, but by its very nature it could not warm our hearts. It was impossible for us to interpret Darlan's action, Darlan's consent, as action and consent springing from the popular will of the French people. Darlan was saving a French colonial structure, saving French North Africa from chaos, and in so doing he was extremely useful to us. But all he did and all he may do in the future could not, and cannot, provide us with the answer we await from the French people.

The message from France which will express France's full participation in our hopes will be a lengthy message written out word after word, phrase after phrase, and each word and each phrase will be written in blood and in suffering. It will be written anonymously by French workers and peasants. Sometimes men will sign their individual contribution to it with their own name and with their own death. That will be when the Germans announce the execution of these men and give their names. It will be written with no word showing when in the cold nights of this winter women tell their hungry children a story of hope by the empty hearth. It will be written in anger and in prayer. In the universities, in the churches, in the factories, in the prisons, in the dark cold streets of the cities and in the village streets, and in the hamlets, men and women are at work writing it now. Only from time to time, at tremendous risk, will the people of France succeed in sending out of their cold prison a fragment of this message for our encouragement and fortification.

The noble ships at Toulon sank, the gray ships which were the pride of France, with their flags flying. And for us and for the Germans and for the Italians and for everybody else to read, on that day at Toulon was written a great fragment of the French message which is that of invincible hope.

Mr. Churchill on Italy

"ONE MAN, and one man alone, has brought them to this pass. There was no need for them to go to war. No one was going to attack them. We tried our best to induce them to remain neutral, enjoying peace and prosperity and exceptional profits in a world of storm . . . In vain I warned him. He would not harken . . . Today his empire is gone." Bitter are Mr. Churchill's words. They are words of war, spoken in times of war. Mussolini's error in entering the war is now patent to all; his chastisement approaches; already the people he betrayed are suffering unendurably. The judgment of war, which is a practical judgment, is at hand and Mr. Churchill speaks the sentence of war. But the fascist régime, even before Ethiopia, even before Spain, even before Italy's entrance into the war, was guilty and stood condemned. It stood condemned not for practical reasons, not because it gave or failed to give the Italian people "exceptional profits," but because it erected the State as an absolute, with everything and everyone subordinated to it.

One Way of Keeping Score

WE REPRINT herewith an excerpt from the United Press despatch sent in from Pearl Harbor and recently published in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "American marines and Army troops have killed, at a 'conservative estimate,' 10,000 Japanese on Guadalcanal Island since the Solomons campaign began August 7, it was estimated today by Lieutenant DeWitt Peterkin, Jr., twenty-nine years old, of New York, a naval officer just back here from the Solomons. 'I think the Jap casualties are so high and so out of proportion, that I believe the actual total would be astounding,' he said. 'A thousand killed a night in one sector is not unusual.'

"Peterkin said that while he was on Guadalcanal he seldom saw a Japanese prisoner and that it appeared likely there would be no 'prisoner problem' for the United States unless one arose near the close of the war. The Japanese front lines on the island are about five miles from Henderson Air Field, he said; enemy artillery bombarding the field from the west has not caused extensive damage and the total American casualties from it have been one man killed and another injured. 'The man was injured when a shell hit a coconut tree and the nuts fell off, hit the man and broke both his legs.'"

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Revolution VI

SOME WEEKS ago in Chicago the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil delivered an address in which he took occasion to make a number of remarks on revolution. Lifted from their context, his words seemed to us to furnish a valuable and useful supplement to the discussion that for the past several weeks has occupied this page. We therefore asked Bishop Sheil's permission to reproduce here the relevant parts of his address, a permission he has most generously given.

REVOLUTIONS do not drop from the skies; they are fashioned in the crucible of oppression, suffering and frustration. Revolution is a strong word, sometimes a frightening word. You may object to it, but your objection does not change the fact. Let us make no mistake; it is too late and too hazardous to play with words or to clothe naked realities in the satisfying illusions of personal prejudices. The essential, the critical thing that we must realize is that we are now, consciously or unconsciously, part of a revolution. If we drift along unconsciously, then we, the ideas and ideals for which we stand, will be swept along in a rushing tide over which we have relinquished control. If this be our present attitude, we cannot logically object when we find ourselves and the institutions in which we believe among the inevitable wreckage which every revolution produces. For revolutions are not respecters of persons. The acknowledgment, however, that this war is an integral part of a revolutionary movement, and the determination to enter it consciously —these can give us the power to control the course, to direct it toward intelligent, desirable objectives. Again, let us not blind ourselves to realities; we have but one choice in face of the present revolution: either conscious participation or passive acceptance.

These are not pleasant or soothing words for conservative ears, because conservatives fear and dislike the term "revolution." Too often it conjures in their comfortable, complacent minds the vision of barricades, bullets and bloodsheds. To which I may add the further thought that it sometimes disturbs their conscience. Too well do they realize that charity, and her "snob-sister" philanthropy, are their only answer to well-founded pleas for justice arising from the slums and ghettoes of the world. It may be well to remind them that their charitable foundations are not only symbols of charity but monuments to injustice. They do not wish to be reminded that revolution is frequently the last potent and desirable instrument for the radical transformation of human ideals and institutions for the sake of the betterment of all humanity.

It is surprising to find Americans so fearful of the word "revolution," since they owe their very existence as a free people and as a democratic nation to a successful revolution. Moreover, it was a revolution that was not intended to stop with the surrender of Cornwallis or with the ratifying of the Constitution. It was meant to go on until *all* Americans should have that life, liberty and happiness which it is the primary duty of the State to secure and guarantee to them.

It is saddening to recall that in the early springtime of its dynamic and contagious enthusiasm Christianity was the most radical and uncompromising revolution that men had ever experienced. And one of the truly tragic happenings of the modern age is that this same Christianity, because of fear and human respect, has been allowed to become synonymous with conservatism. It is impossible to correlate conservatism with Christianity; nor can the surrender implied in the advice "to be practical" be reconciled with that idealism which is of the very essence of the Christian concept of life. Too often have we Christians come to terms with those whom we are fawningly pleased to call "the powerful ones" of the world; too often have we compromised with cynical forces that have used our compliance to obstruct or destroy our effectiveness. And the result? Our present pathetic position in which we are forced to admit that our Christ-inspired influence for good has been negligible in the council chambers of the world; that we have failed our Christian vocation of charity which is to share with all men and without shadow of compromise that truth which is ours *to give*—not to hide in a napkin, not to bury in the ground. . . . The time has come; the hour has struck. The liberal of yesterday must become the Christian revolutionary of today. The conservative of today is already buried in the debris of yesterday's collapse of nineteenth-century liberalism, economic laissez-faire, and ostrich-like optimism. We are face to face with realities against which wishful thinking is powerless. The lines have been drawn; the issues are clear. There is no longer place for the fainthearted, for the so-called conservative Catholic in this world-wide battle for justice, for the cause of the oppressed, of the common people everywhere. Catholic education must do its part in this work. To engage in it effectively and with hope of success it must comprehend and teach: a realistic view of the present world crisis; an understanding of the forces that are at work; a thorough, a radical Christian philosophy of life, without shadow of weakness, of compromise with any group within or outside the Church that may stand in the way of attaining our common objective; finally, an active participation in the revolution of today that will shape and dominate the world of tomorrow.

✠ BERNARD J. SHEIL.

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Death and Life

From the diary of a city priest.

By Jean C. de Ménasce

I HAD JUST been ordained a priest two weeks before and, faithful to the good advice that had been given me in the seminary, I was saying the next day's Office when the telephone rang and the housekeeper knocked on my door: "A sick call, Father." I jumped up from my chair, I took my brand new Ritual and it was so new that the newly printed pages still stuck together; I looked for the place, and my hands trembled with emotion. I found everything, I found the formula for blessing scapulars and Easter eggs, and then I found the right place and I hurried to the church. I had never before opened the tabernacle at night; it was dark in the church; I felt guilty as if I were a thief. It was the first time too that I had walked through the streets carrying Christ. The sick man lived in a dark little flat which gave onto the courtyard of a large building tenanted by clerks and workmen. It was in Rome. The concièrge, a fat and jovial peasant woman, handed me the apartment keys. "He lives all alone up there," she said. "You can find your way, can't you, it's the end of a day and I don't want to climb all those stairs."

In the bed, which was not very big and yet filled almost the entire room, an old man—his face livid and the skin stretched tight over the bones—lay bolstered up on cushions taken from a sofa. After I had heard his confession and administered the Last Sacraments, I took off my surplice and I sat on a broken-down chair next to the bed. The electric light bulb that hung from the ceiling was broken and the only light came through the kitchen door. I tried to speak to him of God, of Paradise; he kept feebly nodding assent but spoke no word, and soon even this slight gesture of encouragement was denied me. He looked at me quietly, steadily, and two tears came very gently from his eyes. I said, "Be brave, be a man, you must not be frightened, God is not at all the way people describe Him, you must not cry." I did not dare stop talking, I kept on talking and talking. All the theological themes that I had been working on for my examinations at the Gregorian, I brought them up again one after the other: original sin, grace, the Incarnation, the Redemption, *de Deo uno et Trino*. The street sounds gradually had become distinct and now they broke the silence of the night. He was still looking straight at me and I did not dare stop talking and I did not dare leave him. At six in the morning the fat concièrge opened the door. "Still here?" she said. "Yes," I said. "He has been crying and I did not dare leave him alone." The concièrge walked over close to the bed and burst into laughter which was both motherly and jovial. "Ah, what a new little priest we have here; he does not even know when a man is dead. What do they teach you in the seminary?" She roared with laughter and she called in all the neighbors on the landing. Everybody crowded in and they all made fun of me and it was even entirely impossible to dress the dead man. I slipped out into the stret and went back to the rectory.

* * *

A little Sister of the Poor who went all about the city giving hypodermics had found him. The Little Sister, who had also been a Great Lady, had hastened to the Cardinal: "What priest could go to see him?" she had asked. "His father is a terrible man, an unfrocked priest." And the Cardinal had smiled and had told her to telephone me.

The enormous and horrible building which housed the disfigured and mutilated wounded of the Great War stood behind the church of Saint John Lateran. The Sister had warned me: "If his father answers the doorbell he will shut the door in your face." That is exactly what happened but I was able to put my foot in the door. "Get out of here," roared a heavy-set man. He was surprised and furious. "I want to see your son," I said. "Go to the devil," he said. He pushed and I pushed, he swore and I swore. "Father, what's going on, what's all this noise?" a voice called. "Nothing; an impertinent fool wants to see you," the father called back. "Not at all," I shouted, "a priest wants to see you."

Out of breath, and embarrassed, I entered the room of the sick man, Captain Baby, as his friends had named him—men without faces, or without arms, or without legs, who lived with him in this building. "You want to try to convert me," he said. "Well, yes, if you put it that way, I do," I said. "Sit down and try," he said. Captain Baby was very young, hardly thirty years old. He had volunteered at the age of fifteen when he had learned that his father was an unfrocked priest.

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He had no faith, he had not even been baptized, yet he felt that a terrible humiliation weighed upon him. He had done everything to die; he had succeeded only in getting himself gassed and abominably mutilated in the woods of Bligny. "At most I've ten days more to live," he said. He told me these few events of his life between paroxysms of coughing: having practically no lungs left he was gradually turning almost black; his mother, gentle and massive, kept giving him oxygen. Just as a drunken man succeeds in walking straight only with infinite difficulty and at the price of an effort which exhausts him, so I tried clumsily, and embarrassed, to bring out all my school theses in apologetics. Captain Baby's education was on the primitive side; he believed all the old chestnuts, the Galileo business included, and Pope Joan. For three or four days between these paroxysms, which left him almost lifeless for hours on end, I kept answering, and explaining and laying down the law. Finally I said to him: "I'm through, I can't go on, I can't be school teacher and teach you the A-B-C of the Faith with you in such a condition; let me simply tell you what your death would be like if you were a Christian." And while I was speaking to him of Christian suffering conceived of as participation in and continuation of Christ's Passion, he interrupted me suddenly. "Do you think," he said, "that the Cardinal Vicar would be willing to ordain me a priest on my deathbed? I want to die a priest." His mother broke down sobbing. He had understood everything there is to understand.

On the morning of his Baptism and of his First Communion all those men in that house who had been abominably destroyed by the war were present; they were in the bedroom, in the narrow passage way, in the parlor and even in the kitchen; for several hours I heard confessions, after which Captain Baby and his comrades received Communion. His father was standing near the door. Captain Baby called to him, "Father, come here," and then he kissed the palm of his father's hands and then he called to me, "You too, Father," and I knelt down as I would before a newly ordained priest and kissed his hands. And that unhappy man who was his father went out from the room broken with love, broken with gentle love, humiliated and broken. The room was so filled with people that even I breathed with difficulty; a paroxysm came and the oxygen flowed down to the poor shreds of lungs that were still there. With a last trace of a smile Captain Baby said to me: "In spite of your Cardinal Vicar and your Canon Law I am offering Mass, my Mass, the Mass of my body."

* * *

The old peasant woman who sold eggs and vegetables to the Capuchins of San Lorenzo sent word that the woman who lived in the hut next to her farmhouse was dying of tuberculosis. It was only five o'clock in the evening but night was beginning to fall. It was raining hard. Sora Amelia was waiting for me under a tree. The man had thrown her out. "He wants to sleep," she said. "He would not even let me take the two children to our house for the night; he is mad at us because we bought a dog to stop him from stealing our chickens at night." I knocked on the door and getting no answer I entered the hut. Just as when certain fruits are over-ripe and yet remain bitter, the hut was stiflingly hot and the air in it was unbreathable, yet there were ice-cold draughts coming through holes in the roof and cracks in the walls. The little iron stove was red hot, the oil lamp threw strange and moving shadows over all the abominable disorder of the room. The whole family was lying on a bed which, Heaven knows how, did not collapse. With her cheeks ablaze and great eyes burning with fever, the dying woman was lying on the side of the bed which faced the door: on the other side of the bed, with his back turned, the man lay snoring. Between the two of them a little twelve year old girl stared at me with enormous frightened eyes. Across the foot of the bed slept the little boy. "I have come to say good evening," I said, "things aren't going very well, I'm afraid?" I sat down close to the bed; with the Blessed Sacrament close to my heart, I sat there trying to make friends. "Why don't you want to go to the hospital?" I said. But the woman obstinately refused: "I can get well here." I knew that there were only a few hours left for her to live. "Will you make your confession?" I asked. She shook her head. "I won't leave my man," she said. "It is he who pays the rent." Hour after hour I tried to make her understand that she would be leaving her man very soon and that she should ask God to forgive her for having abandoned her husband and her children. Her voice came out halting and whistling and she kept repeating over and over again with opinionated and idiotic stubbornness: "I don't regret anything; who would have paid my rent?" From time to time the man in the bed would snarl: "Get out of here and let me go to sleep: I'm not like you are, I do some work." And then I would say to the woman: "God is going to call you tonight from this house, it is time you thought about the other House," and then she would say: "I tell you that he is the man who pays the rent." Her poor little mind was like a moth attracted by a flame and it could not take leave of this tiny little idea which was the one thing that seemed settled and clear and which had formed the center of her miserable existence. Toward midnight she became incomprehensible, yet in those last sounds of hers I still could hear the words, "my rent, my rent." The man refused to get out of bed, re-

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fused to put the children out of the bed. The little girl had fallen asleep at the side of her dead mother. I was seized with a terrible nausea; I fled from the hut and I was sick at my stomach leaning against a tree, and then I sat in the automobile and I cried as I had never cried since I had ceased to be a child.

* * *

The little Sister of the Poor who had taken me to Captain Baby brought me to a shabby little flat in the San Lorenzo district. "They are not married, they detest each other, sickness and poverty are the only masters of the house," she told me. A horrible looking hag with running eyes opened the door; she made no move to draw across her shrunken chest the filthy kimono that she wore. "May I see your husband?" I asked. "Perhaps that damnable Sister would not come back if I threw you out," she suggested. "Oh," I said, "I can assure you that we do not go in for that sort of bargaining." The sick man's bed was clean and neatly made up; I saw that the little Sister had been at work. The sick man said: "I don't want anything, I want to die in peace, it's not because I am poor that you can bully me." I tried to talk with him and to joke; I had some American cigarettes, "Vatican cigarettes." I went back often to see him but always he insulted me and jeered at me. He showed a sort of evil joy when he blasphemed. He did not blaspheme at all the way the poor devils I knew blasphemed, "not any more than I have to, and only when it is necessary, Father." One morning the Sister telephoned me that he was in a coma. His eyes were shut, he was drooling from his half-open mouth. The Sister kept wiping his mouth while the hag, in her eternal kimono, moved about between the bed and the kitchen. Only the hands of the dying man were in motion. Slowly, he lifted them up and then brought them downward in a solemn gesture. The woman began to laugh, but she laughed as if terrorized. She looked at the man in bed and she said: "Ah, excommunicated that you are, this is a fine time to be saying Mass." And she turned to me and she said: "Don't tell me that you didn't know that he is an unfrocked priest. He and I met during the war." With expressionless face the dying man in his last agony again and again attempted this gesture of his which was the gesture a priest makes at the Offertory. I gave him conditional absolution.

* * *

Before becoming a priest I had known Molina, the technician. This austere scientist, a gentle and quiet man, was the very type of the virtuous and atheistic anti-clerical formed by the nineteenth century. One morning his daughter telephoned to me: "Father is dying; of course no one here believes in God but I wonder if it would not be well for Father to see a priest; he knows that he is very ill—just come to see him as if you were paying a call." "Good afternoon, Father, how clerical dress has changed you, I'm very happy indeed to see you, sit down I beg you and let me offer you a cup of coffee—as for me, it's forbidden," was Molina's greeting. We started in talking of this and of that, and, from time to time—at first only occasionally, but later very often—the engineer made mistakes, called me by the names of former colleagues of his, and once he even addressed me as "Your Excellency." And while he spoke, his voice also began to change, and it became harsh and vulgar. Before our conversation was ended he had become completely insane; he howled and fought and scratched at his wife and at his daughter. The two women stood there shuddering with horror. This man who had always been gentle and grave, who had made their happiness for thirty years, and who deserved to die the death of a wise man, had become a violent lunatic. His madness persisted until he fell into a coma. Not without a feeling of humiliation I asked his wife and his daughter if they would authorize me to give him Extreme Unction: "Since God could not reach him through his intelligence, perhaps God wishes to reach him in his madness." I had gone to a corner of the room, I was reading my Breviary, the two women in tears were busy with all those thousand necessary nothings which serve to help women in their grief. Toward four o'clock in the morning Molina drew himself up in bed and in his real voice, his voice of the past, a clear, friendly, cultivated voice, he said: "Elvira, Elvira, God exists." Then he fell back dead upon his bed.

* * *

"Since mother's death he is hardly recognizable, he seems to be going mad, he hardly ever goes out of the house, he has even attempted suicide," his sister said. And when I saw him he said: "Don't waste your time on me, I am lost, one cannot be a Christian if one has no love for anyone, for anyone at all." There were no tears in his eyes and he looked at me coldly. I said: "But you loved your mother, therefore you love someone; all that is necessary is to begin to love, and then all that is necessary is to continue to love." He said to me: "Very well, then, you force me to tell you; I have never told it to any of the family, but the fact is that I did not love my mother. I tell you that I did not love her, that I do not love her. When she died I went out of the room, I went out into the street, I went to the prostitutes, I stayed with women for hours and then I went to a good restaurant and I ate and I ate for more than a hundred lire. Do you hear me, do you understand what I am telling you, I bought myself a meal like the kind you buy when you get through your examina-

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tions." And I said to him: "You see how right I was, you see that you loved her so much that your nerves got all tangled up, the whole switchboard got tangled up; instead of crying, you went out and stuffed yourself; don't be an idiot, you can see perfectly well that you loved her."

The man, the boy, burst into tears, he cried as only a man can cry, with his arms, his back, and all his body. Through the tears you could see his real visage again, and the evil mask that had covered it falling away. He cried and he laughed with happiness. "Do you say," he said, "that I love my mother and that I love God. Are you ready to swear it's true?" I said: "I swear it."

Rocks and Shoals

A negative approach may be the best.

By **Joseph N. Moody**

ROCKS AND SHOALS! It is an old Navy phrase, and refers to those parts of the Regulations which outline general lines of conduct to be avoided. Would it be possible to delineate the rocks and shoals of the coming peace? Reading through our war literature, one is impressed by the fear that on the conclusion of hostilities, America will revert to her historic isolationism and refuse to accept her responsibilities in the post-war world. That this fear is well-grounded, few who know the temper of our people will deny; that it would be an incomparable tragedy, frustrating our awakened hopes, should be equally clear. It is to avert this tragedy, perhaps even to forestall universal chaos, that thinking men are driven to envision the kind of world they want when peace is restored.

Such efforts should be encouraged and the debate must be widened to include all sections of our population. The formulation of precise and morally acceptable peace aims is the most worthy cause to which the human intellect can now be directed. Yet any attempt to state a positive program in exact terms has precipitated controversy. The very reason alleged by the political realist for the postponement of such discussion is that it tends toward a disunity that cannot be tolerated in time of war. We are in a dilemma: we must draw up a program before the event of peace or we will not be prepared; but efforts to do so seem to weaken our cause. Hence we drift dangerously and neglect an important phase of our war effort.

Would it be possible to cut this Gordian knot by approaching the problem negatively? To be precise, instead of proclaiming the kind of world we will create when so much of the future is obscure, could we not begin more modestly by coming to an agreement on what we will not do? Here we might expect a larger measure of accord. Here, too, we could stand on the relatively firm ground of history, instead of plunging into the fog of prophecy. Not that such a negative program will be sufficient; ultimately the future must be faced squarely. To take these initial steps should not discourage further effort; it might be the base on which more grandiose plans could be erected. A pragmatic organization like the Navy sets forth its rocks and shoals before proceeding to a blueprint of the duties and activities of its component parts.

Assumptions

To make such an effort, some assumptions must be framed: (1) We may take for granted ultimate victory. This is the easiest assumption to make for it is universally held. It is reasonable in light of our resources and our unquenchable will to win. That the war will have any other result than the complete defeat of our enemies never enters serious discussion.

(2) It is clear that victory will not be ours without considerable cost. Our leaders have wisely warned us to expect sacrifices, and these will necessarily be great. The magnitude of the expenditure in treasure and blood is dimly appreciated. What we must realize is that as our casualties mount, the mercury of our emotional reactions will rise in proportion. We will become less cool, less apt for intellectual solutions, less suffused with idealism and more easily the victim of primitive responses.

(3) With our victory, the nazi régime will be utterly destroyed. The leeches who have fastened themselves on the body of Germany will be removed. It may be, as Hitler has said, that the leaders will die in battle, and the war may see a Wagnerian climax that will give historic reality to the finale of the Ring. It is more likely that they will abdicate in the moment of defeat as

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other régimes have done before them; that their influence will dissolve once they have lost the confidence of the nation. In either case, humanity will witness one of those terrible vacuums which occur when responsibile government is absent, an experience which France had in the summer of 1789 and Germany in the fall of 1918. Whatever the result, one war aim is certain: the nazis must go. With this élite of terror discarded, the sound elements of the nation will emerge: the humble folk, the petty bourgeoisie, the workers, the peasants. They will be difficult material with which to work; their bodies will be pinched by the ravages of war and starvation; their minds will be poisoned by defeat and the lingering infection of nazi philosophy; their moral sense and their resistance to despair will be low. No people could live through the experiences of the past two decades and not be adversely affected. Yet work with them we must. The only alternative to extermination is a constructive policy of help and education. As we have pledged ourselves on this point, we may assume that we will deal with them in the latter fashion.

Against this assumption an objection will be raised: has not the incubus of National Socialism entered too deeply into the body politic of the German people to be exorcised by defeat? Can the youth particularly, who have drunk most deeply of the fatal draught, be ever reconciled to the ways of peace and civilization? Has not the cancer affected all the cells? These are serious questions to which no definite answer can be given. It is my feeling that the task will be delicate, but possible. I base this conclusion on some observation of Germans in the throes of their torment. I know that there was, and is, a core of moral resistance to the dictator which has never been conquered. I know that among the masses there were many whose passion for National Socialism was a misplaced enthusiasm for the Fatherland which seemed oppressed. Certainly this must pass when it becomes evident that the tyrant has led his people further into the morass. In nazi Germany, some have been imprisoned; others intimidated; many have been misled. But we must assume the possibility of the moral regeneration of the German people or admit that our principles are not universally applicable. What is more to the point, we must take this step or we must adopt, unequivocally, the Catonian policy of extermination.

Negations

The ground may have been cleared by these assumptions. We must now proceed to a few basic points on which agreement may be reached:

First, *there must be no punitive measures against the defeated civilian population.* Any justification that may be advanced for such conduct in the course of the war loses validity once peace is restored. It will not be easy to live up to this principle. The nature of total war has erased the distinction between combatants and civilians, and there is a great thirst for revenge among the enslaved and outraged peoples of Europe. It has been suggested that our armies must remain in Europe to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the German population, and this may be true. But the point is morally sound and eminently necessary for a true peace. We must avoid indirect attacks on defeated civilians, such as the continuation of the blockade which shocked the conscience of the world in 1918-19; and we must prevent retaliatory blood-baths. Need we add that the folly of economic penalties or reparations should be luminously evident.

Second, *there should be no "war-guilt clause" in the coming peace.* Support may be found for a variety of views on the equity or injustice of the specific terms of Versailles. But the one great blunder of that treaty was the presentation of the articles of peace as a punishment for moral turpitude. Its conditions were made to depend neither on law, nor precedent, nor force but on an extorted confession of a guilt that was incapable of legal proof and on which there was no legal tribunal competent to decide. This was worse than a crime; it was a violation of common sense. It stigmatized all sections of the defeated people, and threw them into the arms of any potential enemy of the newly established order. More dangerous still, the inevitable reaction of thinking men against this provision robbed the treaty of support it would otherwise have marshalled. We cannot over-emphasize that the uneasy conscience among Anglo-Americans in regard to Versailles stemmed in large measure from the war-guilt clause.

A much better case for the criminality of Germany in the present war can be made. Yet there are strong grounds for not including such a verdict in the coming treaty. It is doubtfully advantageous to embitter a new generation by a repetition of this tactic.

Third, *there must be no territorial settlements based solely on the desire to penalize the defeated nations.* Territorial adjustments will be the thorny issue in the future, as they were in 1919. It is the hope of many that cultural groupings will eventually replace the national boundaries in a heterogeneous Europe; but even if this materializes, some lines must be drawn on the map. Experience shows the delicacy of such an operation. Complete success is in the nature of things impossible. But failure is assured if any standard other than strict justice be used. Nothing is gained by transfering peoples loyal to one national state to the sovereignty of a rival.

Fourth, *there must be no peace treaty drawn*

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without antecedent discussions with elements within the conquered nations. As Ferrero would put it, we must find a Talleyrand, and we must discover a basis for legitimate government that will be acceptable to the defeated peoples. For such a rôle only those who stayed behind and shared the suffering are eligible. Much as we might like to draft such distinguished exiles as Heinrich Bruening and Thomas Mann, their position as émigrés undermines their usefulness. We are dealing here not with a matter of logic, but of emotion. Not only must representative leaders be found, but they must be frequently consulted while the peace discussions are in progress. Only by such precautions, carried on in good faith, can the dangers of subsequent repudiation be minimized.

These four points rest on a single proposition: that the solidarity of the West is the only guarantee for the preservation of the civilization we call European. That civilization was rent by schism in 1914; the fundamental tragedy of Versailles was that it failed to repair the break. Schism, as we know, leads inevitably to heresy, and this condition was reached in Germany in 1933. Heresy will produce chaos if its effects are not checked, and the only permanent remedy is the reestablishment of unity. This in turn is impossible without a clear understanding of the principal obstacles. It is against these barriers to unity *in the political order* of the West that the above points are made. The recovery of a common conscience to buttress this unity is a deeper and more spiritual problem.

It will be noticed that this discussion has been confined to Europe, specifically to Germany. This limitation was conscious on the theory that Germany is the major enemy and will remain the central issue. The cyclone that has engulfed us is essentially European in origin. It may be possible to broaden the base by applying the same criteria, with modifications, to other theaters of war.

Is it too sanguine to expect wide acceptance of the above? Each step can be squared with the solemn professions of our leaders. A universal agreement on such basic points might be the best method of insuring against a return to isolationism after the war. Besides, it would have an immediate practical value. We cannot forget the enormous effect of the Wilsonian pronouncements in weakening the resistance of the Central Powers. All admit that the fear of reprisal will fortify the determination of the enemy to continue even when hope of victory is gone. Negative proposals such as the above might be more effective as propaganda than detailed visions of a better world, for they strike at the very roots of fear. There are very pragmatic reasons, identifiable reasons, for "Rocks and Shoals."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I CANNOT say that I have read all that is published in the November number of *The Jewish Frontier*, a monthly magazine, with which the October issue has been combined, so that more space could be given to the documents and articles entirely devoted to the situation of the Jews in Axis-held Europe; but I have read all that I could bear to read, up to this time, although certainly, as a matter of inescapable duty, I mean to finish the grim task of its perusal. As it happened, the magazine reached me just as I was informed of the extraordinary call for a special day of world-wide mourning and prayer by all the Jews who can be communicated with by the group of Jewish organizations in the United States, comprising Orthodox and Reformed religious and cultural societies and committees, who have issued the summons to spiritual action in face of the recent renewal by Hitler of his decree for the complete extermination of all Jews within the regions now controlled by him. Wednesday, December 2, is the date; another fateful day in the tragic history of Israel—red-starred and black-starred with so many days of blood and death, and gold-starred also with so many days and names of light and love and life and glory.

Perhaps it was with some half-conscious desire to find relief from the burden imposed by so much of the frightful record published in this magazine that I turned to the short story by Sholem Asch, "Exalted and Hallowed." Many years ago, my oldest living friend, Bernard G. Richards (with whom I was associated in what we called "The Jewish-American Literary Bureau," peddling articles and paragraphs to Sunday newspapers), introduced me to the work of Sholem Asch. I discerned, even through the hampering veil of translation, the power and charm of a most genuine literary genius. Since that time, more than thirty years ago, it has seldom been my good fortune to renew that old and never forgotten contact with the deep humanity, the singular humor, the gift for narration, of this Yiddish novelist and story teller. But I found in his narrative of a Polish Rabbi who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Gestapo, because he would not desecrate the Sabbath, all the remembered power, even the lingering shadow of his humor, but a humor grimmer almost than the horrors among which it displays the gift of the artist's imagination in a very high degree. His sketch brings into living focus all the frightful facts sedulously garnered from the harvest of death and suffering reaped by Hitler's killers in Europe's Jewry by the various investigators, whose reports are printed in this magazine.

When the Gestapo hanged Itzig-Meyer Rosenkrantz, the Rabbi of Sholem Asch's sketch, to a pole because he refused to toil for them on the Sabbath, although most zealously, even cheerfully, he had willingly submitted to their demands through all the weekdays of his imprisonment, two Catholics were hanged along with him; for in Poland, as elsewhere, the renegade Catholic, Hitler, knows

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that in striking at Israel he also strikes at the Church which sprang from Israel. Elsewhere in the magazine, due acknowledgment is made to the Pope and to Catholic Cardinals and Bishops and priests and lay folk who in this darkest of all the dark hours of the Jews have testified on their behalf. It would seem that what M. Jacques Maritain recently wrote in this magazine as to the duty of Catholics to pray for and also with the Jewish brethren has been given another great opportunity to reach our souls. December 2 will be over and past before this feeble reminder can be read, but all days now should be days of prayer, not only for but with the Jews, and with the Protestants, and with all men and women who may not be on the rolls of membership of any church or chapel or synagogue but who are being awakened to the crisis of which this special issue of a Jewish magazine testifies, not only for the Jewish people, but for all peoples everywhere.

The Stage & Screen

Yankee Point

A FAST MOVING melodramatic second act rescues this play from perfect mediocrity. The effect lingers beyond Act III and covers up the tedium produced by Act I.

Yankee Point somewhere on the Eastern sea coast is an observation post for aircraft spotters. Mrs. Adams (Edna Best), the wife of Professor Adams (John Cromwell) is chief observer. The Adams household is fully dominated by the war. The professor is back in uniform and about to leave for active service; Mrs. Adams, the Mrs. Miniver type, directs the observation post; Jeremy, the younger daughter, is going to marry "Butch" now in Texas getting his wings and about to receive four days' leave before going abroad; Sandy, the older daughter, is distraught by conflict arising from the professor's present affirmation of war in contradiction of his academic years during which he had taught the "futility of war" doctrine with power enough to convince this daughter.

Act II contains the reconciliation of father and daughter, the apprehension of a German spy and a warning that an air raid impends. In Act III the aid raid occurs with lighting and sound effects which left the audience unterrified. Probably it is impossible to combine an air raid with sensible and audible conversation. At any rate, Yankee Point's air raid never seemed real. It did go far toward sabotaging the play. If Act II had been the air raid and Act III had contained the reconciliation and spy discovering episodes the audience would have been better satisfied. Playgoers like to carry away from the theater impressions of human beings. Here they get a World's Fair version of an air raid which barely escapes being boring.

Intellectual content of this play is at about the third year high school level under a system of progressive education. The Professor "explains" to Sandy his change of front on war by announcing that there is no permanent truth. Offensive in another way is the "frankness" of the

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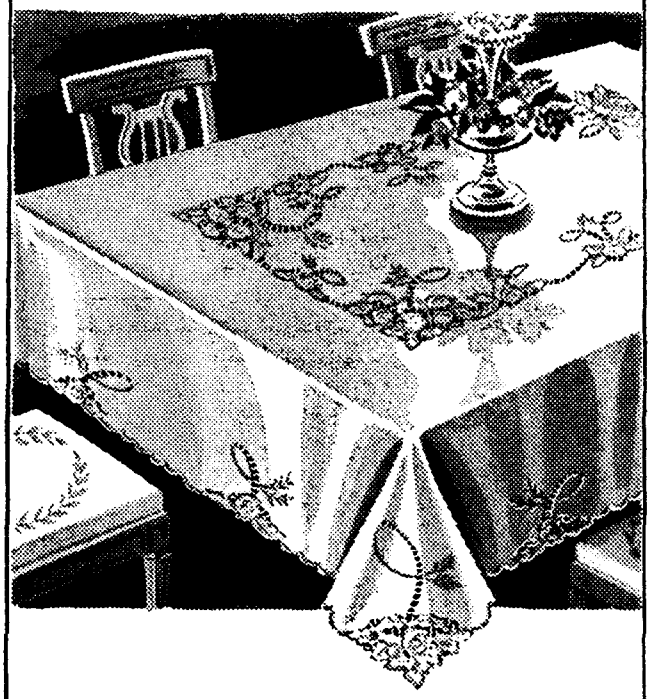

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younger daughter in speaking to her parents on the sexual side of marriage. Compounding "innocence" and "frankness" is one formula for sly indecency.

K. T. Stevens as Sandy provides the best performance by giving its emotional power to the second act. Arthur Aylsworth, Elizabeth Patterson and Edna Best are excellent. You will like the settings. *(At the Longacre.)*

The Pirate

A DELIGHTFUL fairy tale having color, magnificence, gaity, wit, elegance and fabulously perfect performances by the Lunts, this play will go on and on as long as the Lunts care to present it.

Set in the early nineteenth century on an island in the West Indies, the story is most amusing. Estramudo, a pirate, has reformed and settled down as a fat pig married to Manuela (Lynn Fontanne), who is as beautiful as her name is musical. His wife knows him only as Don Pedro, the successful Babbitt. His piratical exploits already legendary under the imaginative touches of a writer of romances form the most delightful reading to the bored and love-starved Manuela.

Serafin (Alfred Lunt), a traveling mountebank leading a troupe of colored players, descends on the town, recognizes Don Pedro and upon meeting Manuela is instantly captivated. To win her he pretends to be Estramudo. The rest is a madcap development of the implications of this situation. Like all fairy tales it ends with the principals living happily forever and ever.

Nothing in the theater equals that strange combination of matchless beauty, faultless voice and living wit found in Lynn Fontanne. Ordinary lines spoken by her have magical charm. With lines themselves sparkling, read in settings of exotic perfection, she is unalloyed delight. Alfred Lunt as always provides the eminently satisfying counter-performance. Minor characters are well conceived and beautifully played. This is an Arabian Nights tale told for grown ups. Costumes by Miles White do much to create the indispensable atmosphere. Music by Herbert Kingsley, settings by Lemuel Ayers and dances by Felicia Sorel to me seemed exactly right. Nothing disturbs the mood of the play. Everything conduces to its perfection. *(At the Martin Beck.)*

Counsellor-at-Law

A HIT ten years ago, time has not impaired the entertainment value of this play when, as here, it is very well cast and excellently performed by all the players. Paul Muni is again George Simon, Counsellor-at-Law, who made his way from the Yorkville East Side to a Fifth Avenue law office from which he operates with prodigious success freeing women tried for murder, getting huge alimony provisions for separated wives, making settlements of breach of promise actions and defeating lawyers of "better" social origins who, as it is made to appear, are stuffed shirts and whited sepulchers as well.

George was Cora's lawyer when she divorced her first husband. Having married Cora, George considered he had arrived. To Cora he now seems too common for endurance. When disbarment proceedings face George, based on a subornation of perjury some years earlier, Cora pulls out, taking for solace another man of the "better" classes—also cast as a stuffed shirt, cad and parasite. The disbarment threat is effectively met with evidence gained by burglary. The evidence proved the stuffed-shirt lawyer (who is head of the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association) is leading a double life. Saved from one disaster George is rescued from the gas pipe or, to be literal about it, from jumping out of the window while despondent over Cora's desertion by one of those omnipotent, ubiquitous secretaries who love their bosses.

A showgirl, a lazy office boy, a Harvard lawyer who loves Brahms and George's secretary, an ex-burglar-process-server, a communist and an Irish politician are turned out to answer for stereotypes more familiar to 1931 than to 1942. There can be no more showgirls of the type portrayed because actions for breach of promise have been outlawed in New York; no more young Harvard lawyers in New York because all of them are working in Washington and they care no longer for symphony orchestras; no more lazy office boys since all office boys have been drafted. Communists for the moment have vanished since they are no longer out of step with the "classes."

There are a few unnecessary blasphemies. Paul Muni uttered them in a slurred manner and low tone to diminish the bad impression such language is bound to make. It showed sensibility in Mr. Muni which is praiseworthy. Mr. Rice could eliminate these blemishes without doing injury to the play.

The moral atmosphere of the life illustrated by the play never rises above the level of compassion. "He was good to his mother." It's that kind of thing at best. The communist alone serves as exponent of a more elevated ideal of behavior. *(At the Royale.)*

The Great Big Doorstep

THE GREAT BIG DOORSTEP, truly a beautiful doorstep, was rescued from the Mississippi in flood by the Crochet family and was made to adorn the entrance to the ramshackle shanty which gives them precarious shelter. The Commodore (Louis Calhern), once a river pilot, lost his place when he fell asleep at the wheel and wrecked his boat. Now he is in the drainage business, as he calls it. In unkind accents his older children, anxious for flight to less rigorous conditions, scornfully call the drainage business by its better known name of ditch digging. The Commodore from the Doorstep readily infers a happy future. The first step is to acquire a house for the Doorstep. The house implies land. Land requires a horse. A horse needs grass. Grass presupposes seed, and the first tangible accomplishment of the Commodore is to borrow the seed to plant on land he does not own for grass to be consumed by a horse which perhaps does not yet exist.

There is a touching love uniting the Commodore and Mrs. Crochet (Dorothy Gish). The Commodore's buoyancy in no small measure contributes hope and some feeling of security to his family. Topal, the oldest daughter, anxious for marriage, Evvie promised to the convent but disinclined to that life, Arthur straining away from high school toward the congenial life of a truck driver at New

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Orleans, Gussie and Paul, little boys of the comic-strip age, say about eight, are all wonderfully conceived and played with great skill. Joy Geffen as Evvie was particularly fine.

This is a family of good people, decent, warm, tender and hopeful. The comedy ends on a happy note. It is not possible to overpraise the acting of Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern. The play might have been expressly written for them, so right is the feeling they bring to it. Written by E. P. O'Donnell, staged by Herman Shumlin in a masterly setting by Howard Bay, the play is one you will probably like. *(At the Morosco.)*

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Foreign and Strange Places

BEFORE it suddenly popped into front page news, Casablanca in French Morocco was a stopping-off place for refugees from Europe trying to reach Lisbon by a roundabout way. Warner Brothers have fashioned a moving and exciting film about *"Casablanca"* in which French, Americans, Germans, Czechs, Bulgarians get tied up into an involved plot before some of those who are fleeing from the nazis escape to Lisbon from where they go hopefully to the Americas. Michael Curtiz has directed this Hal Wallis production with emphasis on characterization and atmosphere. While "Casablanca" does not drool with the sin and local color of "Algiers," it does have the same tense thrill of a strange foreign place in which gather all types of unconventional people. The situation is tightened there in 1941 by the presence of victims of nazi oppression, of Frenchmen who are loyal to Vichy and others to Free France, and of the nazi hunters. The large cast who portray the various rôles are exceedingly good. Humphrey Bogart is the American who has continuously fought for the underdog but who is now going to stick his neck out for no one. He likes Casablanca, the excitement of the place, and the night club and gambling joint he runs there. To Rick's Café come all of Casablanca's adventurers, seekers, spies and police. Claude Rains is the unscrupulous police prefect who is forced to aid the nazi major, Conrad Veidt. Veidt is searching for Peter Lorre who killed a couple of Germans and stole their Weygand-signed visas. But Veidt is more interested in stopping Paul Henreid, a Czech publisher, from escaping to America where he will certainly continue his fight against Germany. Henreid's wife Ingrid Bergman, who once had an affair with Bogart in Paris, comes to plead for forgiveness and help. Bergman plays this strange rôle with subtlety and conviction, but the rôle itself is not entirely clear because of its continued vacillation. These people are given support by an unusual group of minor characters: Sidney Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall, Leonid Kinskey, Marcel Dalio. Best of the supporting players is Negro Dooley Wilson as the pianist who is devoted to his boss, Bogart. Wilson's fine singing and piano playing contribute much to the film's effectiveness. The script is good, and Curtiz handled his cast to bring out their best performances. "Casablanca" is not by any means a first rate film. The motives of its characters are not always clear, but it is adult cinema fare far above the average.

"I am Tondelayo," says Hedy Lamarr as she makes her first entrance, wiggling her hips, shaking her bangles and rolling her big beautiful eyes at defenseless Richard Carlson. We have had quite a build-up for this entrance, for the first third of *"White Cargo"* is taken up with the males who work on this rubber plantation in hot, sticky, buggy Africa. We see Carlson arrive at the story's beginning (the film starts in the present and the real plot is revealed in a flashback to 1910). Immaculately dressed in white, with collar, tie and camera, Carlson comes to relieve Bramwell Fletcher who has served his term and gone to pot and is jolly well glad to be rid of the place. Walter Pidgeon, as the resident magistrate, is jolly well glad to get rid of him. In fact Pidgeon is fed up on all the white-suited young men who come down to work as his assistants but who make the same comments on the intense heat, the hunting, the natives. He sees them all deteriorate in this hot country where this small group of white men see only the black natives and each other. (Frank Morgan is the slobbering, hard drinking doctor; Reginald Owen is the greasy skipper of the boat that comes up the Congo every three months; Henry O'Neill is the missionary whose efforts the other men respect but consider a waste of time.) Pidgeon warns Carlson that he too will cease shaving, drink too much, rot. He also warns him against giving beads to the native women—and especially to Tondelayo, because she's bad. Sure enough, Tondelayo turns up; and boy, is she bad! Carlson tries to resist, fails, falls, hits the bottle hard and ceases to shave. Before the picture runs out we see scene after scene in which the group of men sweat, drink, bicker ceaselessly. And the half-caste tramp tries her best to make the heat even hotter and their lives more miserable. None of this gets anywhere. The inevitable fight between

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Pidgeon and Carlson has some excitement but the film gets tiresome long before Tondelayo gets tired of Carlson and tries to make him drink poison which Pidgeon finally forces down her throat. Most of this is dull, much is silly—sillier even than the bawdy stage play by Leon Gordon who also wrote the screenplay. Richard Thorpe directed; he must have realized that some of these lines are unintentionally funny and that they're all phoney.

"The Avengers" is a long drawn-out English film that is to be commended for its intention and sat upon for its execution. It attempts to tell how Norway was conquered through being too kind and lenient to Germans and how Norway is now working against its conquerors by sabotage and through cooperation with the British. But unfortunately Harold French's direction lacks conviction, and the cutters and editors did the film a great disservice by chopping it up atrociously. Important scenes are sliced to a minimum while trivia are stressed. Somehow the fine English star, Ralph Richardson, who is given top billing, winds up playing a bit rôle. We see Hugh Williams as a London sports writers who is sent to cover Norway in 1939 and is later returned there by the British Admiralty to aid in sabotage. He is assisted by patriotic Norwegian folk, falls in love with one of their luscious blondes (Deborah Kerr), succeeds in guiding the R.A.F. so they can bomb a U-boat base, almost gets shot with a group of Norwegian hostages whom the nazis are executing, is saved at the last minute by a British Commando raid. This racy, old-time rescue is the final melodramatic touch that makes you completely disbelieve any of the scenes that went before. You will probably be made fidgety by that time anyway, with the "cheerio" and "jolly good show" attitude of the English armed forces. A moving and interesting film is due soon about the Norwegians and the Commandos. This is not it. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Four Freedoms and South Africa

By GEORGE STREATOR

SOUTH AFRICA was first colonized by the Dutch at Capetown in 1652, although the Portuguese had been there as early as 1486. The Dutch found yellow and brown people, the most important of which, states Mr. Tinley,* were Hottentots and Bushmen. Like our American Indians, they too were "very shy and wary of the European interlopers." And well might they have been wary!

The conquest of South Africa brought in other factors, including the importation of slaves from the Malayan Archipelago and West Africa. The history of this now not too happy country parallels that of these United States in many ways; in no other place in the world have white people been more ruthless in the exploitation of "the lesser breeds."

The history of South Africa is the history of the superiority of European social organization and gunfire over that of the natives. By the 1936 census, Europeans (whites) constituted only 20.9 percent, Natives (blacks) 68.8 percent, Asiatics 2.3 percent, and the Colored 8.0 percent of the total population.

The "Cape Colored" are persons of European and non-European descent, or persons of mixed non-European descent. In the Cape Province, "Colored persons have practically all the privileges that are enjoyed by Europeans, but in other provinces they are subject to certain restrictions. . . . Colored laborers, like Indians, are not migratory." The picture of the Colored people approximates the picture of Negroes in our northern states: "Wages paid to Colored laborers . . . are usually appreciably higher than those paid to Natives."

Under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi in 1913, an effort was made to better the conditions of the Indian (Asiatic) peoples. Says Mr. Tinley: "As can be expected, the Indian community suffered and continues to suffer under many disabilities." And one of them: under the indentured system only males were brought into Natal; in 1904, the ratio of Indian males to females was 100 to 48. Today the Indians are mainly in the trades, but are also an important factor in the fields of skilled and unskilled labor.

But the people, the masses of the people, are neither Europeans, Asiatics or Cape Colored: they are the Bantu tribe. Even with the Bantu tribe, however, there is strong evidence of historic human kinship links with the white and yellow races; for, "probably both prior to and subsequent to the Bantu migrations"—from central and west Africa above the Equator—"there were invasions of the eastern coastal belt by peoples of Asiatic origin. There are still distinct traces of Semitic infiltrations in many of the Rhodesian, northern Transvaal and east African tribes."

Further, the Bantu tribal laws and customs show the influence of two predominant basic cultures, the Hamitic and Negro hoe cultures. "The tendency of the Hamitic culture is toward nomadism, and that of the hoe culture toward settled habitation and continuous occupation of the same land. The former is warlike; the latter, peaceful and docile." And this is important to an understanding of these peoples: "The three principal elements in the tribal system were the family, land and cattle."

Thus, the Natives are bound to their cattle as the Europeans of the middle class are bound to ornate display of feathers and fuss! "In many tribes cattle are regarded almost as part of the family." In the eyes of the Natives, probably, bathtubs, jewelry, automobiles and college degrees are loved like one's own children among the Europeans and the mixed breeds who have adopted European ways.

The Dutch and French Hugenots entering South Africa were *Boers,* farmers. But the conflict between this transplanted European peasantry and the backward peoples of South Africa was secondary to the conflict between the economic system introduced with the development of the gold and diamond industries when the white farmers

*The Native Labor Problem of South Africa. J. M. Tinley. University of North Carolina. $3.00.

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pushed farther north, precipitating wars and struggles with the Natives.

These struggles in themselves were relatively unimportant; for the capitalistic system introduced problems of a new slavery, something eventually to be shared by the European and Native poor alike. Finally, to prevent being leveled to the economic stature of Colored and Asiatic peoples, and eventually to the level of the lowly Natives, working-class whites and dispossessed European farmers have connived against God and reason to bring into being the so-called "Civilized Labor Policy." This *uncivilized* Civilized Labor Policy is a collection of Talmadge-like laws and regulations in an effort to maintain the economic superiority of a hopelessly beaten set of European workers, farmers and petty traders. The drive of the Atlanta, Georgia, Ku Klux Klan to legislate out of business Negro barbers and bootblacks, is an exact parallel to the South African Civilized (meaning Lily-White) Labor Policy inaugurated in the depression of 1920.

The "Talmadges" of South Africa are still in power: "The government, labor unions and various other organizations have brought pressure of one form or another to bear upon firms to employ greater numbers of Europeans."

The government itself gradually placed whites in jobs formerly held by Natives; and a tendency to award government contracts to firms "showing a willingness to conform to the Civilized Labor Policy."

And: "As Europeans filling unskilled labor positions receive wages several times higher than those paid to Natives doing the same type of work, the Civilized Labor Policy has indirectly served to place a brake on any upward movement of Native wages generally. Also, if the unskilled wage bill is increased by the employment of higher-wage European labor, business firms, which are coerced into employing more Europeans, will try to offset this to some extent by employing Natives at the lowest possible wage rates."

Now what is more illustrative of the white-American hiring policy and of some trade unions than this? But there is nothing except gloom for South Africa in such an economic policy, for Mr. Tinley says: "Economists are generally agreed that high wages are justified only if there is a large output per man-hour . . . Unless and until the Natives are supplied with a greatly expanded buying power, the development of efficient manufacturing industries in South Africa will be severely limited. The time for abandonment of the artificial wage policies in South Africa appears to be long overdue."

Mr. Tinley reviews the agricultural situation with equal frankness. It is little less than appalling to be faced with the fact that 80 percent of the whole of South Africa is being starved in order to maintain the superiority of the white people who constitute 20 percent. Since there appears to be no prospect "of restoring Natives to conditions more nearly those in existence before the advent of the white settler," the solution seems to lie in the direction of *"greater participation by the Native population in the economic life of the country"* (italics mine).

The Native farmer in particular needs fewer, better and a less sacred grade of cattle. He needs medical care and education, both of which are neglected with almost criminal severity. If he is to be held profitable in industry, he needs for purely business reasons to be fed enough to keep the body together. Mr. Tinley points out the solution in the last chapter, "Whence and Whither": "The experience of South Africa will indicate whether and to what extent a governing white population can advance the well-being of more backward peoples, without unduly jeopardizing the high standard of living attained by the white population itself."

Incidentally, Mr. Tinley was born in the Union of South Africa, and served in the South African forces during World War I. He was engaged for several years in the South African government service, and now teaches agricultural economics at the University of California in Berkeley. The University of North Carolina should be praised for printing this book.

Books of the Week

We Are What We Are

America. The Story of A Free People. Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. Little. $3.00.

TO CRUSH the sprawling and disputed history of our country into less than five hundred pages is something calculated to evoke the despair of the professional historian. But these authors assert that their book is written "for the layman, not for the scholar." Before this profession, criticism must walk discreetly.

For I suppose it to be true that the history of America cannot be told too often, nor in too many ways, nor by too many people. And no one can question Messrs. Nevins's and Commager's competence to tell it.

Their story begins with the first English settlement and ends with Pearl Harbor. Between these separated events the authors attempt to tell their "laymen" the essence of our cultural, political and economic history. The result is an amazing piece of comprehension and of compression. But what is even more amazing is the number of things they manage to include, and the variety of things touched upon. The authors insist that, despite Europeans, ours is a romantic and exciting history, possessed by beauty and richness and grace. This they have made it. Through it they see emerging a people possessing a dream of freedom, a tenacious hold on it, and moving always to more comprehensive and democratic ends.

But it has been a brutal history, too—a history of political corruption and of economic control, of the repression of freedom, and of ineptness and of despair and exploitation. And this part of it, too, they have told.

Once more we meet Kings and Parliament, learn about Marshall, listen to the caustic Randolph, read Jefferson, love Jackson, admire Webster, and watch slavery perish in hot blood. Once more we sicken at our "reconstruction" of the South, and avert our eyes from Tobacco Road. We stand breathless before the mere listing of our inventions, admire and are afraid of the victory of the machine. Iron and steel, beef and wheat, and sugar and matches, trusts and monopolies—Morgan, Morgan, Morgan and Morgan's terrible men.

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Immigrants come in long, unbroken waves, and work and believe, and win—and break their hearts. Only yesterday did we stop the cries of the children.

> The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
> The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
> The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
> But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free.

It is well to know that, and to remember it—as it is well to know that only yesterday a man could talk in Homestead. Tenements, and death, and bad food, and the stench of Sinclair's "Jungle." These are things it is well to know, and to remember. For if there is an American dream, it has often lain down by the roadside—and slept as long as Rip Van Winkle. Mooney and Billings in prison for no crime—and Sacco and Vanzetti and judicial murder. It is well to remember that that night the American dream was fouled and went to bed drunk.

Once more cattle pound out the trails over the Chisholm and the Goodnight, the railroads come, and drought and boll-weevil. Farmers organize, and labor organizes—and has its bloody head bashed in—and crusades for social justice, and gets it. This is the kind of book it is.

Mr. Nevins and Mr. Commager have given their layman an absorbing story. Like Galileo's world this book does move—it moves with grace and speed, and, often, with splendor. Sometimes too many "welkins ring," and one gets a little ill of soft, April evenings.

Then, too, the internal rebellion that is part of the American Revolution is subdued; the war of Constitutional Ratification is a battle between Federalists and Anti-Federalists, as though Charles Beard had never written; the speculation in respect of Hamilton's Funding Bill is not noticed; Jay and his Treaty come off better than they do in most books, and the Federalist attempt to pack the judiciary is not mentioned. The part of the President, whom contemporaries called "the mendacious Polk," in respect of the Mexican War, is not noticed. We are told how the Panama Canal was taken—but the taking is approved. The authors have a tendency to sanctify success.

Surely McKinley's obsession that, if he did not go to war he would forfeit leadership, had more to do with his war-message than the explanation that he thought "it was too late for further delay."

The America of 1919 is charged with "sterile and unheroic isolation." To say that, then, the United States "cavalierly betrayed the hopes of mankind" is too much. Surely it is too much to think that our joining the League of Nations would have meant any enormous difference in the history of "The Long Armistice." Collective security was a sterile phrase as much related to realities as burlesque to virtue. Surely a return to the League, after this war, is not enough. If we haven't learned more than that since 1919—to teach our layman—we may as well turn out the lights and go to sleep. FRANCIS DOWNING.

BELLES LETTRES

Book of Uncles. Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $2.00.

"[SUCH was Mary Stuart] a high spirited and romantic queen who tore herself tearfully from France, when sent by her 'diplomatic' uncles to reestablish the regal authority among a wild and rebellious people [fronde]." That is Sainte-Beuve's opinion of uncles. Our modern poet, living the more homely life, has had no such experience. His uncles, whether they be Best or Average, Atheist or merely Unlucky; whether they Lost a Fortune or Lifted Things with their Teeth (or merely Told Lies); whether they were Famous or merely Did Not Dig Wells; are a breezy lot.

"Uncles are a corrective and an antidote to aunts. Don't tell me the stars don't see into these things. Every last stern aunt had at least one mellow uncle for husband. Some had two, *seriatim* . . . (Uncles) have time, as parents never do. And so children love them. They don't respect them but they love them . . . I had an uncle who was a specialist at riding a bicycle without his hands. I had an uncle . . . One could play the harmonica with his nose . . . I had an uncle, for instance—Uncle Matthew—who was converted. He was converted to Baptistry. He was totally immersed. For the first time in his life, Aunt Emma said. But she was an aunt not married to Uncle Matthew and she was bitter. But Uncle Matthew's conversion and baptism did not take. He went back to paganism and profanity . . . I can see my Uncle Andrew still. It is winter, the snow is over all. He is straddled out over a hole he has cut with his axe through a brook's snow and ice. He is back to me. . . ."

But a truce to uncles. Here is Tristram. "Someday that language may get into written poetry. But I doubt it. It will probably remain as mold and the mulch from which vigor will go up to keep written poetry forever renewed and full of blossom. This unwritten poetry is the ancientest poetry in the world. . . . It is full of the sun, too—and the moon and tides and arrows of life and desire. It is full of changeless measurements of men's sufficiency and aspiration. . . . Not a plowshare or drill or nail, hammer or screw or auger, bit or adze, cup or pot or vase or pan or teakettle but is linked with the human geography in this basic language of mankind. Small boys speak it naturally. It is only when they grow up and turn awkward and bashful that they speak it with a blush."

Men will laugh at the uncles, the b. l. Women? I don't know. They vote now. EDWARD L. KEYES.

BIOGRAPHY

Memories of Happy Days. Julian Green. Harper. $3.00.

REMINISCENCES of Julian Green's life in Paris from his birth in 1900 up to 1927 when he became a recognized French writer. Because of the period it covers, this book is a sort of postponed first volume of "Personal Record." In an admirable foreword which could be quoted from beginning to end, Julian Green tells us: . . . "It occurred to me that I could best show what I owed to France by calling up the memories of all the happy days I had spent under her kindly and generous care." The author's love and devotion to France will be felt throughout all the book by all readers and it will not fail to touch every French person. That such be the feelings of so many foreigners for France is a cause of wonder and humble gratitude especially in those dark days of misfortune. Because of our thankfulness for his intention it is all the more difficult to have to say that the recollections of Julian Green, as a tribute to France, lack any convincing power. Perhaps too much is expected from the author of "Adrienne Mesurat." Or perhaps there is an absence of proportion between what he wanted to do and the results of his effort. Throughout the whole monologue

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one is pursued by an impertinent thought: Who cares? What might have become, in other times, and with a great deal more work on the part of Mr. Green, an attaching psychological study, is today, in its present form, a futile piece.

Apart from the fact that the whole material seems in a sort of adolescent stage as if the author had not reflected on it with enough intensity to bring to it the force of detachment, the picture itself of France is curiously lacking in completeness. Julian Green may say that this is what France had been to him. May I say that he is mistaken. It has been much more or else France would not have left him with the feeling that he has for her.

I happen to be of the same generation as Mr. Green and the France that I knew had as much virility as charm. Why should Mr. Green's recollections be so desperately gentle? It is his privilege? No doubt. But as a tribute to France it is unfortunate. He seems to have been unable to draw from the solidity, the stretch and the vigor of a country of great architects and determined peasants. Mr. Green's recollections are quaint, precious and charmingly useless. His introspection is like the paring of a dried fruit without pit. He wanted to thank "that great and good person" France. It is no easy matter. Still the task was not beyond either his talent or his feelings had he meditated long enough. We wish he had. The vitality of the *"peuple des cathédrales"* which nourished his young years might have revealed itself to his consciousness, as an all important factor in his formation, and, with the same facts to recollect, we would have had a book worthy of Julian Green's writing ability and beautiful devotion to France.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

HISTORY

Men of Mexico. James A. Magner, Ph.D. Bruce. $4.00.

IN a big book of 592 pages, Father Magner has given us a rapid view of the highlights of Mexican history as seen in the lives of seventeen prominent men who have, during the past 400 years, played outstanding rôles in the drama of Mexico. These men are: Moctezuma II, the last of the Aztec emperors; Hernando Cortés, the greatest of the Spanish conquerors; Bishop Las Casas, friend of the Indians and perhaps unwittingly, one of Spain's worst enemies; Archbishop Zumárraga, Franciscan friar of heroic apostolic stature; Bishop Vasco de Quiroga, unequalled in his application of social theory to the practical problems of Mexican native life; Viceroy Mendoza, the first and possibly the greatest of all the viceroys; Viceroy Revilla Gigedo II, fifty-third in the line of men who governed New Spain and one of those who did it exceptionally well; Father Hidalgo, leader of the first phase of the movement for Mexican independence; Father Morelos, who carried on the movement in its second phase; Agustín Iturbide, called Emperor Agustín I, who finally accomplished the independence of Mexico from Spain; General and President (12 times!) Antonio López de Santa Anna, the scourge of his country for thirty long years; President Juárez, demi-god of Mexican liberals, humbler of the power of the Church; Emperor Maximilian I, dreamy liberal, caught and killed in the mid-century maelstrom of imperialism, liberalism and anti-clericalism that bled Mexico white; Don Porfirio Díaz, general, statesman, dictator, who stamped his name on a whole epoch of his country's history; General and President Venustiano Carranza, tall and bearded figure that led Mexico's bloodiest revolution to a climax of constitutionalism; General and

"This Publishing Business"

THEY'RE PEOPLE

THE NUNS AND PRIESTS WE USED TO MEET in fiction were either very black or very white. The very black ones were great fun and the very white ones were not: but they had this in common that no one had ever met such people in real life. In fact they just weren't people. (Remember the crafty priests, limitlessly evil, supernaturally able, threatening innocent girls with death—or worse. . . . The picture flattered the priestly intellect as much as it slandered the priestly will. Priests as such are not supernaturally able, though they are able supernaturally.)

Now the priests and nuns in these modern short stories collected by Sister Mariella are "people." You might meet them. I *have* met most of them. There's Sister Veronica who "had no illusions: forty years had cured her belief in picturesque poverty." I could tell you the three convents in which I met her! And there's that convent choir described by Sister Mary Frances as "Cats' grand opera, where all are leading sopranos"; and Hemingway's Sister Cecilia who could not bear to listen to the radio while Notre Dame was playing but stayed in the chapel "doing what she could."

Thinking on at random, the mind stops at the masterful priests described by Vincent McHugh (I've met two of them, one in Sydney, one in Glasgow) who would "put the fear of God or man into a creature with a drop too much, whichever he'd choose." I've not met, but would love to (and might, at that) Frank O'Connor's priest who heard the confession of the small boy who meant to kill his grandmother. I suspect, too, that I've met Jack English's novice with the obsession for making aspirations and counting them: as least that's the best explanation of the one who sat across from me once in a train going to Philadelphia. And there's Scott Fitzgerald's novice who had once loved dancing and in the novitiate was seen peeling potatoes "putting his arm round the bucket and making irreligious motions with his feet": I should probably have met him, too, if he hadn't heard me coming.

What is the effect upon the reader of seeing these priests and nuns as people? I think the overwhelming effect is to reinforce our sense that they are something more. St. Augustine tells us how mysterious he found St. Ambrose before his own conversion. "I had no means of guessing, and no experience of my own to learn from, what hope he bore within him, what struggles he might have against the temptations that went with his high place, what was his consolation in adversity, and on what joys of God's bread the hidden mouth of his heart fed." These are the questions the layman always feels about the consecrated: their hope, their struggles, their consolation, their joys. This book with its cool and unecstatic realism takes us very deep into the mystery. FJS

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President Plutarco Elías Calles, brutality incarnate; General and President Lázaro Cárdenas, victor over the Calles régime and leading figure in Mexico's most amazing social experiments.

Thus we have brought together men whose lives show us the Mexico of colonial times; others who gave their fortunes, their reputations and their lives to achieve independence from the mother country; those who became saturated with foreign ideas and who turned against a noble heritage and all but destroyed it; and finally, three men who were tossed up by the thunderous waves of one of the cruelest mass movements of this century. Each of them tried to solve his country's problems in his own way. It is probably not too much to say that very little of what each tried to do (Carranza, Calles, Cárdenas) will outlive this generation.

The book is written for the general reader but will come in handy to teachers and scholars who have not until now been able to find a quick biographical reference to the majority of the men presented here. Public and school libraries should be glad to have a volume which sheds new light on Mexican history because it shows us how much the vagaries of the human spirit affect the destinies of a nation. Fr. Magner has written his book in what we might call the "newer tradition" in Hispanic American affairs, i.e., the good and bad points of Spanish control are noted, with the final balance favorable to Spain; and also with an approach to nineteenth-century history which condemns anticlerical Liberalism and Masonry while presenting material on Church activities which older authorities either ignored or suppressed.

"Men of Mexico" belongs on the shelf alongside the few books on Mexico written by American Catholics, notably Bishop F. C. Kelley and Dr. F. B. Steck. It is only natural, however, that in writing 17 biographical sketches and filling 592 pages of text, errors will creep in. Among the more notable ones are: p. 63, where it is claimed that Las Casas said the *first* Mass in the New World instead of the first *first* Mass; p. 173, gives number of viceroys at 70 instead of 63; p. 195 where date of founding of Jesuit school of San Pedro y San Pablo is given as 1618 instead of 1573; p. 208 wherein Fr. Hidalgo's morality is said to be a matter of question while his genealogical tree shows two daughters; p. 382 on which it is claimed Miguel Lerdo de Tejada was assassinated, though he died naturally; p. 535 where it is not noted that "Patriarch" Pérez of Calles's "schismatic church" was a priest. Then "friars" and "monks" are used to mean the same type of religious throughout the book and there are numerous examples of words accented in the wrong place or accented when they should not be or not accented when they should be.

PAUL V. MURRAY.

BRIEFER

Church and State in Fascist Italy. D. A. Binchy. Oxford. $9.00.

FOR THOSE who have the price it will be welcome news that the book which Count Sforza discussed in THE COMMONWEAL some months ago is now published in the United States. It is a happy combination of well documented history, frank criticism and warm loyalty to the Holy See. The volume is as readable a historical treatise as has appeared in recent months. Professor Binchy's portraits of Pius XI, Mussolini and other leaders are remarkably full bodied. He believes that the settlement of Roman question was inevitable without Mussolini.

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The Inner Forum

The Sisters of the Holy Family

IN 1824 a young woman sailed from France to New Orleans in order to visit her sister who was a member of the Ursuline community in that city. Upon her arrival, she was so anxious to set foot on land that she rushed out onto the gangplank before it was securely fastened. It gave way and she fell into the muddy waters of the Mississippi. A Negro who was on the scene dove into the swirling waters and rescued her. The young Frenchwoman's name was Josephine Alicot. In gratitude for this act of heroism she promised that she would spend the rest of her life working for the betterment of the Negro.

Mlle. Alicot began her apostolate by traveling about from plantation to plantation in southern Louisiana giving the slaves material aid and instructing and consoling them. By 1825 she had established the first school for Negro Catholics in New Orleans. At St. Mary's Church in New Orleans she happened to meet two young colored women who were ardently seeking the means of dedicating themselves to Christ in the religious life. Juliet Gaudin was a native of Cuba and in all probability had come to Louisiana as a haven from the bloody slave insurrections in her native land. The other young woman, Harriet DeLisle, was a native of New Orleans. Josephine Alicot arranged that they meet the Very Rev. Etienne Rousellon, Vicar General of the diocese.

The Sisters of the Holy Family, the second oldest community of colored Sisters in the United States, are celebrating their centenary this year because it was on November 21, 1842, that Josephine Alicot, Juliet Gaudin and Harriet DeLisle moved into a small house on St. Bernard Avenue in New Orleans and began to give catechetical instruction and look after older women. Interest and encouragement of the Religious of the Sacred Heart had much to do with the development of the distinctive habit and the community rules which were drawn up for the first small group.

Today the Congregation numbers 210 professed Sisters, 22 novices and 12 postulants. It conducts a home for aged men and women, an orphanage for boys and an orphanage for girls—all in the city of New Orleans. The Sisters also direct St. Mary's Academy, a boarding school for grammar and secondary school girls and, in addition, two dozen parochial schools. The story of their work is featured in the November issue of *St. Augustine's Messenger* of Bay St. Louis, Miss.

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